

SATURDAY OCTOBER 8, 1910.

dinner. I am interested in that northwestern country myself, and I want to

ask some questions about it." It was well on toward midnight whe Emerson reached his hotel, and, being too full of his visit with Mildred to sleep, he strolled through the lobby

and into the Pompeian room. "Boyd Emerson! By Jove, I'm glad to see you!" He turned to face an anaemic youth whose coloriess, gas



WATER WAYLAND STOOD IN THE OPENING. bleached face was wrinkled into an expansive grin. "Hello, Alton!"

They shook hands like old friends, while Alton Clyde continued to express his delight.

"So you've been roughing it out in Nebraska, eh?" "Alaska."

"So it was. I always get those places mixed. Come over and have a drink. I want to talk to you. Funny thing, I just met a Klondiker myself this evening. Great chap too! I want you to know him; he's immense. His name is Froelich, but he isn't a Dutchman. Come on, you'll like him."

Clyde led his companion toward a

Mr. Froelich shoved back his chair and turned, exposing the face of "Fingerless" Fraser, quite expressionless save for the left eyelid, which drooped meaningly.

"'Froelich!" said Boyd angrily; "good heavens, Fraser, have you picked another? I thought you were going to stick to 'Frobisher.'" Turning to Clyde, he observed: "This man's name is Fraser. One of his peculiarities is a dislike of proper names. He has Perhaps I shall be able to if I keep on never found one that suited him."
"I like 'Froelich' pretty well," ob-

served the imperturbable Fraser. "It sounds distanguay and"-

"Don't believe anything he tells you," Boyd broke in, seating himself. "He is the most circumstantial liar in the northwest, and if you don't watch him every minute he will sell you a hydraulic mine or a rubber plantation or a sponge fishery. Underneth his eccentricities, however, he is really a pretty decent fellow, and I am indebted to him for my presence here to-

Alton Clyde made his astonishment evident by inquiring incredulously of Fraser, "Then that scheme of yours to establish a gas plant at Nome was

"Certainly!" Emerson laughed. "The incandescent lamp travels about as fast as the prospector. Nome is lighted by electricity and has been for

years. "Is it?" demanded Fraser, with an assumption of the supremest surprise.

"You know as well as I do." "H'm! I'd forgotten. Just the same,

"This is just what I want after my my plan was a good one. Gas is swim," he said. "And I'm perfectly cheaper." He reached for his glass, sure I'm not a lobster, because lobat which Clyde's eye fell upon his missing fingers, and the young clubsters don't ent apples." When he had finished two or three man exploded: a little girl in a blue dress came run-

"Well, if that's the kind of pill you ning down the beach. are, maybe you didn't lose your mitt in the Boer war either."

"Really, that's great! Oh, that's love-

and wanted a chance to regain lost

"I'll give you a chance to recoup,"

said Boyd. "I am here to raise some

"I'll tell you what it is and you can

"I haven't a particle," Clyde confess-

ed. "If I had I wouldn't need to in-

vest. Go shead, however; I'm all ears."

Boyd Emerson had ever represented

the ultimate type of all that was most

desirable, and time had not lessened

rumpus, doesn't it?" he questioned.

my share if you'll let me go along."

"Then I've got to see it. I'll put in

"You go! Why, you wouldn't like that sort of thing," said Emerson, con-siderably nonplused.

"Oh, wouldn't I? I'd eat it! It's just what I need. I'd revel in that outdoor

life." He threw beck his parrow shoul-

from a hangnail."

to manslaughter."

his admiration.

appetite and lost money.

use your own judgment."

money on a good proposition."

"Those are my apples! Go away!" she cried. Emerson answered for the adventurer: "Hardly! He got blood poisoning

and lay down to dry.

nice heap of red apples.

"Oh, excuse me?" said the donkey. "But before I go would you mind telling me what I am?" Clyde began to laugh uncontrollably.

"You're a pig. that's what you are?" cried the little girl, who was still an-Clyde said he was in poor health

"Dear me," said the donkey as he walked sorrowfully away. "what a disappointment! I'm sure I'd rather be a goose or even a lobster. And I'm afraid I must be a pig, as she says, be-

cause I know pigs eat apples." The younger man leaned forward He went on for some little while eagerly. "If you say it's good that's after that until he came to a beautiful all I want to know. I'll take a chance. big house in the midst of large I'm in for anything from pitch and toss grounds. There were some pretty children playing outside. At first the donkey was afraid to go near them.

"I'm sure they don't allow pigs in such a beautiful place," he said. At last, however, he grew courageous enough to put his nose inside the gate. The other outlined the plan. To Clyde, At that one of the children ran toward

him shouting. "Oh, see the darling little gray donkey!" "Sure enough, it's a donkey," said the old gardener, who was standing

"It looks as if there might be a jolly near watering the flowers. "To think of that!" exclaimed the donkey. "And I believe they are right. Somehow the name seems to fit

me exactly. I really believe I am a

donkey." And in time he was sure of it. He stayed with the children, who kept him as their own special pet, and they always spoke of him as their own dear, pracious donkey.

Humor and Philosophy

ders. "I'm a regular scout when It

comes to roughing it. Why, I camped

in the Thousand islands all one sum-

mer, and I've been deer hunting in the

Adirondacks. We didn't get any-

they were too far from the hotel. But

"This is totally different," Boyd ob-

jected, but Clyde ran on, his enthu-

slasm growing as he tinted the mental

Clyde was lost in an exposition of

his fitness as a fisherman when Fra-

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

There was once a donkey that didn't

know he was a donkey. In fact, he

didn't know what he was because he

had no relatives or friends to tell him

and no mirrors to look in. So he used

"I wonder what I am, anyhow? I

don't believe I am a bird, and I don't

feel exactly as if I were a bee, and I

can't bark like a dog. I really don't

to go out into the world and find out

what he was. So he set forth briskly,

determined to talk to every one along

the way. After he had gone a little

distance he met an old woman picking

"Excuse me," he said, "but should

"Do you mean to say you don't know

"OH, SEE THE DARLING LITTLE GRAY DONEEY!"

what you are?" exclaimed the old wo-

"No. I haven't the least idea," he

"Then you must be a goose!" she

"Thank you," said the donkey, "I'm

much obliged," and he went on his

"Now, to think that I'm really a

goose and never knew it! I wonder

why I can't seem to flap my wings.

So he went on awhile longer trying

to flap his wings and attempting to

quack until quite by accident he step-

ped right into a small fort that a

rather rude little boy was building by

"Look out, you lobster!" cried the lit-

"Well, to think that I'm a lobster, after,

all!" he said to himself going on. "The

old lady must have been mistaken. I

suppose if I'm a lobster I ought to go

So he made his way down to the sea-

swimming about for some little time

he decided that he really should not

like to live in the water permanently,

and so he waded back to the shore

"I hardly think I'm a lobster," he

said. "I don't feel as if I could pinch

any one except with my mouth, and

When he was quite dry he walked

up the beach and was pleased to find a

lobsters don't pinch that way."

shore and waded into the water. After

into the water and have a swim."

tle boy indignantly.
"Oh, excuse me!" said the donkey.

way saying to himself:

cried.

the wayside.

you mind telling me what I am?"

I know all about mountain life."

picture to suit himself.

"Hello! There's George."

ser burst out:

to sit and think.

know what I am."

0000000000 PERT PARAGRAPHS.

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

T is foolish to fret about the future. The present generally furnishes enough material to work that stunt on.

Luck has a good deal to do with success, but working ten hours a day has

Some people can't bow to the inevitable as if it were an agreeable acquaint-

There are people who have the best time when they are engaged in cataloguing their grievances.

The meanest kind of a friend is the one who gives you his opinion of the motorboat you have just built. The man who thinks he would be

satisfied if he were a millionaire probably doesn't realize what agony it is i to long to be a billionaire. Many a man might have a happy home if his wife would let him put his

At last one day he made up his mind box for an ash receiver. The woman who prides herself on telling people just what she thinks of them often finds it hard to distinguish

feet on the table and use her powder

between malice and candor. It requires a hero or a liar to declare that he likes to get up at 5 o'clock in the morning

The woman with a beautiful head of hair gets no more credit nowadays than her baldheaded sister who keeps hers in a drawer nights.

Getting Them Fresh. The proprietor of a Paris art store was explaining to his head clerk about | did it. a customer he was expecting who had just inherited money and had gone in

"Is he a hard man to handle?" asked the clerk. "No. You fust push bim up to a

painting and take his money away from him, but you want to be careful that he doesn't rub against those two old masters I have set aside for him, as the paint on them might not be quite dry."

Has a Pair of Rudders. "I feel like a boat without a rudder," said the disconsolate youth.

"Never you mind," replied the resourceful young woman. "Cheer up. Life will not always look so gloomy. Maybe in time you can save money enough to purchase a swallowtailed coat."



Her Preference "I like the small checks. Don't you? I think they are prettier and make up better." "I much prefer the large kind that my busband

writes." Her Idea. "She always tries to do her duty." "She does?"

"Yes." "But the trouble is that she is so apt to consider other people her duty.'

Close Enough For Comfort. If you cannot brace the tiger In his low and tangled lair. you cannot climb the icebergs And bring home a polar bear,

If the lion and hyena
And the did-dig have you bluffed. You can go to the museu And revile them where they're stuffed

Must Have a Motive. "I am very fond of you." "Are you?" "Really."

"Then I shall have to charge you half of what you make out of it."

Necessary. "Hypocrites are agile creatures." "Agile?" "They have to be to squirm out of the

tight places they are always getting into." "She was his first love." "I don't care anything about that"

"What is it you want to know?" "Who his last love is." His Specialty.

High in the seat of honor sits
The captain of industree.
And there he plays a game of wits Affecting you and me.

The moves he makes are quite profound, We cannot get them straight We only know when bills come round We have to pay the freight.

He does not swing the shining hoe, He does not shove the saw He does not make the engine go Nor tell the off mule "Haw," He does not wrap up gingerbread Nor weigh a chunk of meat. But somehow he comes out ahead And gets enough to eat.

I wish I understood his game. I'd work it, you can bet.
My intellect must be too lame
To mingle in his set.
Not every simple soul can take A leather cushioned chair And elevate his feet and make

Enough and some to spare. I know the worry well may drain His store of nervous force. This cutting coupons is a strain,
Of course, of course, of course,
Perhaps I wouldn't care to dance
To such a lively jig.
But watch me if I get a chance

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

THAT a rich man may not enter the kingdom of heaven was never known to deter a man from amassing all the wealth be could.

The woman who boasts that her husband is a genius is conscious that she is complimenting her own choice.

When a man has a grudge against his neighbor he sometimes buys a pho-

When you hear a woman declare that it is always her luck to get into the meanest neighborhood possible you may be sure that the neighbors are glad when moving day comes.

When your wife appears to believe your yarn she may be merely planning to touch you for \$50 after breakfast.

The man who boasts that he doesn't tare what people say of him has usually been busy giving them plenty of material to say what they may,

Modern business methods to a man up a tree sometimes look strangely like mediaeval robber methods,

Reforms may come and reforms may go, but graft goes on forever. Too many men take the automobile

route to the bankruptcy court. It sometimes requires the genius of a Kipling to furnish a satisfactory explanation of a black eye.

A FTER sixteen a boy spends a lot of time trying to cut school. After twenty-five he spends some more regretting he was so successful in his

A pessimist is one who is never happy unless he is miserable.

This is the season when pickling gets the whole household into a regular pickle, not to mention ferment.

The girl who can't make a loaf of bread generally tries to even up matters by making fudge.

There are women who would rather read an account of divorce proceedings than go to a funeral.

We have a contempt for the American girl who annexes a title, but still we like to bear about the way she

Sometimes we run against a self made man who isn't proud of his job.

An optimist is a man who is certain his salary will be raised next year.

To be sweet tempered and put a stove into working position and condition secrus to be a masculine impossibility.

When a woman declares that she wishes she were dead she may be depended upon to send a burry call for a doctor if she fancies she has symptoms of heart failure.

The Hello Boy. He's just the smallest little tot That ever you did see.
That little boy along the street
That says "Hello!" to me. You wouldn't think that he could talk, He's such a tiny lad.
But, my, he says it out distinct,
As plainly as his dad!

You really couldn't understand Unless that kid you knew How greatly I appreciate His morning "How do do?" For as I pass in going down Or coming back at night The old street does not seem the same

That boy is neither kin of mine Or of my better half. But I can tell you for a fact He's got me on his staff. But when he says "Hellol" to me, This sturdy little man,

You bet I say "Hello!" right back As pleasant as I can A weakness for that little boy Without a blush I plead, And he can borrow books from me When he has learned to read.
I'll come when he holds out his hands
As far as I can see,

That little boy along the street. Who says "Helio!" to me.

"I don't see how a woman ever hears any gossip."

"Because she talks all the time and never listens."

> The Event. By every sign and token, By every working law, By warm and friendly greetings From men you never saw, By chaps who pour molasses And honey in your ear, You know that an election Will very soon be here.

The true, the wise and noble The grand, the pure and great Are running after office. You get it from them straight. You wouldn't have believed it Had it not come first hand That there was so much merit

In all the blooming land, Some men you wouldn't fancy Or cling to as a fad Are running for positions Just like a run of shad. Had you the names been picking To grace the party slate

You'd let them know how roble And fine it was to wait. But here they come in bunches, The lean, the fat, the tall,

For something paying money They thought they heard a call. In legions and battalions They come from near and far o offer you a friendly But very rank eigar.

The Birthday.

Brown nuts in the frosting,
Peeping from below;
Ten pink rosebuds blooming
On a mound of snow.
Ten bright candles burning
In a circling row.
O'er the white cloth's surface Cast a rosy glow.
Ten small heads a-bobbing
All at once to show How to put out candle With "one great, big blow!"
One, two, three for Amy,
Four, five, six for May,

The Birthday.

Couldn't. "My dear!"

-Youth's Companion.

Eight, nine, ten for Polly Because it's her birthday.

"What?" "You really ought to be more polite." "But I am not a good liar."

"She has a beautiful complexion."
"Tes; in the afternoon."

Gems In Verse

OLD FAVORITES.

NO LONGER JEALOUS. REMEMBER the time ere his templer

were gray.

And I frowned at the things he'd the boldness to say.

But now he's grown old he may say what he will. I laugh at his nonsense and take nothing

Indeed, I must say he's a little improved, For he watches no longer the "silly be-No longer as once he awakens my fears. Not a giance he perceives, not a whisper he hears.

If he heard one of late it has never transpired, For his only delight is to see me ad-And now, pray, what better return can I Than to fiirt and be always admired for his sake?

-Walter Savage Landor. THE COUNTRY CHURCHYARD. THE boast of heraldry, the pomp of And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er

gave, Awaits alike the inevitable hour-The paths of glory lead but to the grave. NOR you be proud, impute to these the

If memory o'er their tomb no trophies Where through the long drawn aisle and fretted vault The pealing anthem swells the note of

CAN storled urn or animated bust Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath? Can honor's voice proveke the silent dust Or flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of

PERHAPS in this neglected spot is laid some heart once pregnant with celestial fire.

Hands that the rod of empire might have

Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre. BUT knowledge to their eyes her ample

Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'e Chill penury repressed their noble rage And froze the genial current of the soul.

FULL many a gem of purest ray serene The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean Full many a flower is born to blush un-

And waste its sweetness on the desert air. —Thomas Gray. LILIAN. IRY, fairy Lilian,

Flitting, fairy Lilian, When I ask her if she love me, Clasps her tiny hands above me Laughing all she can.
She'll not tell me if she love me,
Cruel little Lilian. When my passion seeks

Pleasance in love sighs She, looking through and through me Thoroughly to undo me, illing, never speaks, So innocent, arch, so cunning, simple, From beneath her gathered wimple Glancing with black beaded eyes Till the lightning laughters dimple The baby roses in her cheeks; Then away she flies.

Prythee weep, May Lillan! Wearieth me, May Lilian. Through my very heart it thrilleth When from crimson threaded lips Silver treble laughter trilleth. Prythes ween. May Lilian! Silver treble laughter triller Prythes weep, May Lilian!

Praying all I can. If prayers will not hush thee, Airy Lillan, Like a rose leaf I will crush thee, Fairy Lilian. -Alfred Tennyson.

TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUM-

MER. MIS the last rose of summer, All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone.

No flower of her kindred, No rosebud, is nigh To reflect back her blushes Or give sigh for sigh. T'LL not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the stem. Since the lovely are sleeping,

Go sleep thou with then Thus kindly I scatter Thy leaves o'er the bed Where thy mates of the garden Lie scentless and dead SO soon may I follow And from love's shining circle

The gems drop away.

When true hearts lie withered
And fond ones are flown, Oh, who would inhabit This bleak world alone? -Thomas Moore.

HAUNTINGS. HY did you come to me today Out of the years long dead-A little figure, golden gay, With sunlight on your head?

Why do you haunt me so tonight After long years of pain-A little ghost, all wanly white, Shivering in the rain?

-Charles Buxton Going in Success. MY PRETTY NEIGHBOR.

If you've nothing, dear, to tell me, Why, each morning passing by, With your sudden smiles compel me To adore you, then repel me, Pretty little neighbor, why? Why, if you have naught to tell me, Do you my patience try? TF you've nothing, sweet, to teach me

Tell me why you press my hand.
I'll attend if you'll impeach me
Of my sins or even preach me
Sermons hard to understand.
But if you have raught to teach me,
Dear, your meaning I demand! IF you wish me, love, to leave you Why forever walk my way? Then, when gladly I receive you, Wherefore do I seem to grieve you?

Must I then, in truth, believe you
Wish me darling, far away?
Do you wish me, love, to leave you? Pretty little neighbor, say!

OPPORTUNITY. TO seize an opportunity seems such an And yet whene'er one comes your way and to it you would cling

else has seen it, too.

And nailed it for his own advantage just ahead of you! -Washington Evening Star.

earnest. "I'll have you hanged." "Sign." replied the soldier. The monarch, surprised at his presJUSTIFYING HIS JUDGMENT.

Mrs. Flittson-I declare to goodness your judgment is getting worse every

Flittson-What's the matter now? Mrs. Flittson-Why, on so many occasions you have declared that Mrs. Shapeler had a husband who tried his best to be kind and indulgent; but this morning's paper says he attacked her yesterday and nearly killed her. Flittson-Why, that account proves my claim.

Mrs. Flittson-Proves your claim that he tries his best to be kind and indulgent!

Flittson-Yes; haven't you often heard his wife say she wished she was dead?

SHE WAS COOL TO HIM.



Miss Backe Baye-I shall not tell you my age, and I consider it im pertinent for you to say I'm about thirty-two. Mr. Lake Fronte-Well, you see, you

are pretty near the freezing point. Valor Worth While. My lady's lips are fair to see Away with learned terms!

Heard at the Club. Gunner-Let us wait and hear Harker tell his funny story. Some one is bound to set up the cigars.

Guyer-But suppose the story falls Gunner-Oh, in that case Harker will set up the cigars to get us to liston to the story.



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*12.01 noon byrd St. Sta.
*12.01 noon byrd St. Sta.
*4.10 P.M. Elbs Station.
*5.15 P.M. Elbs Station.
*5.15 P.M. Elbs Station.
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*10.40 P.M. Main St. Sta.
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ACCOMMODATION TRAINS-WEEKDAYS. Leave Byrd St. Sta. 1.30 P. H. for Fredericksburg, Leave Elba Sta 7.30 A. H., G.30 P. M. for Ashland, Arrive Byrd & Sta. 8.25 A.M. from Fredericksb'g, Arrive Elba Sta. 6.40 A.M., 5.30 P.M. from Ashland,

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*9:20 P. M.

Arrive Richmond from Norfolk—b 11:35 A. M.,
a 11:40 A. M., '6:50 P. M., b 10:25 P. M., *11:20
P. M. From the West: *6:50 A. M., a 1:30 P.
M., b 2:15 P. M., *6:06 P. M., *9:00 P. M.
**Phills a Phill secret Surface Conference on the Phills a Phills and the Phills and P. M. From the West: "0:00 P. M., "0:00 P. M.
M., b 2:15 P. M., "6:05 P. M., "0:00 P. M.

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"Sire, one word." said a soldier one day to King Frederick the Great when presenting to him a request of a brevet of lieutenant.

"If you say two words," answered the monarch, half in jest and half in earnest. "I'll have you hanged."

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5:00 P.—Daily. Local to Old Point.
2:00 P. [Daily. Local to Old Point.
11:00 P. [Pullmans.
6:45 P.—Daily. "St. Louis-Chicago Special."
Pullmans.
12:00 N.—Week days to Hinton. "Mountain Special." Parlor Cars.
8:30 A.—Daily. Charlotteaville. Week days—Clifton Forge.
5:15 P.—Week days. Local to Gordonsville.
11:45 A.—Daily. L'burg. Lexington, C. Forge.
5:15 P.—Daily. To Lynchburg.

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(NATURAL HAIR), \$2.50.

This Preparation has proved to be a fortune to many of the unfortunates, who are to-day delighted with its wonderful results. The merits of this great hair preparation naturally place it in a sphere all of its own, and the glowing terms in which our patrons speak of it, reassure us of its satisfactory results. We can well boast of a large patronage throughout this and other States and also enjoy the commendation of the very best white and colored people in this immediate community.

In order to convince the most skeptical readers of the merits and results of the HAWEINS-PRICE HAIR GROWER AND RESTORER, we will from time to time produce in print the photographs of those giving us permission to do so, who have used our preparation and are to-day among the many bearing witness of the genuine qualities. We do not desire the cerrespondence of those expecting a miracle or anything unreasonable. Our preparation is a natural and pure compound, the ingredients of which, we would not healtate to put in print.

We will just here remind the public that the United States Government has placed national patent rights on our hair preparation by which it is protected, and we are in it will positively remove Dandruff, Cure the Scalp of all Impurfies, Restere Hair on Clean Temples or Bald Heads, where hee Roots are not Dead. Price, 35 cents per box. The Face Beautifier makes the use of powder entirely unnecessary and is perfectly horniess. Sale Price, 25 and 50 cents and \$1.06 per hottle. A charge of ten cents extra is imposed on all out of city orders. Money can be sent by Post Office Money Order, or Express Money Order. Address all communications to

'Phone 4601. Correspondence Strictly Considential.

(except trains leaving 4.50 a. m. and arriving 12.50 night) stop at Elba. Time of arrivals and departures not guaranteed. Read the signs.

ence of mind, immediately granted his is due. Have you paid it? If not, why